



# THE JOCKEY HAT AND FEATHER.

Sung by W. N. SMITH, the great bone-player,  
of Bailey's Circus.

---

As I was walking out, one day,  
Thinking of the weather,  
I saw a pair of roguish eyes,  
'Neath a hat and feather.  
She looked at me, I looked at her :  
It made my heart pit-pat ;  
Then, turning round, she said to me :  
How do you like my hat ?

Chorus : Oh ! I said, it's gay, and pretty, too..  
They look well together,  
Those glossy curls and jockey hat,  
With a rooster's feather.

She wore a handsome broad-cloth basque,  
Cut in the latest fashion ;  
And flounces, all around her dress,  
Made her look quite dashing.  
Her high-heeled boots, as she walked on  
The pavement, went pit-pat..  
I'll ne'er forget the smile I saw,  
Beneath that jockey hat !

Chorus.

She kissed her hand, said : AU REVOIR !  
Then I was a goner ;  
Before I'd time to say : Good-by !  
She was round the corner.  
I tried, that night, but could not sleep :  
So, up in bed, I sat,  
And, right before my face, I thought  
I saw that jockey hat !

Chorus.

H. DE MARSAN, Publisher.  
Songs, ballads, toy books, &c.  
60 Chatham Street, N. Y.



# THE LOOKER HAT AND FEATHER

CHAS. E. W. M. SMITH, 100 N. 10th St.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

At the very first glance,  
A looker's face is seen,  
It is a face of such a kind,  
That all who look on it,  
Are struck as if by lightning,  
And stand as if in awe,  
For such a face is never seen,  
That looks so full of life,  
And yet so full of grace,  
That all who look on it,  
Are struck as if by lightning,  
And stand as if in awe.

One who is a looker's friend,  
Is one who is a looker's friend,  
Who is a looker's friend,  
Is one who is a looker's friend,  
Who is a looker's friend,  
Is one who is a looker's friend,  
Who is a looker's friend,  
Is one who is a looker's friend.

At the very first glance,  
A looker's face is seen,  
It is a face of such a kind,  
That all who look on it,  
Are struck as if by lightning,  
And stand as if in awe,  
For such a face is never seen,  
That looks so full of life,  
And yet so full of grace,  
That all who look on it,  
Are struck as if by lightning,  
And stand as if in awe.